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THE BOOK SPEAKS.

said Adrian, "because it is not incomplete in the sense that a sketch is incomplete. It is like one of the fragments of the Parthenon frieze—finished absolutely as far as it goes, and carrying with it a full implication of the whole great work of art. Each character stands alone, and a man of imagination can follow easily the action of the suggested plot."

"But that is a very different thing from following it with Stevenson to play the words for martial music," said Diana.

"And what a musician he was!" exclaimed Adrian. "He never touched so many keys in a single work as in this fragment of 'Weir.' The man who feared to put women in his books until *Catriona*, has created two in these few pages who are different from any others, and altogether fascinating. The elder *Kirstie* is without a prototype in fiction. The episode of the four Black Brothers would make the fortune of a short-story writer."

"But it is all awfully Scotch?" asked Diana, with a grimace.

"Yes, and no one can ever hope to excel it as Scotch. The whole business of writing macaronic English ought to stop right here with 'Weir.' They have shown what can be done with a dying dialect, and let it stand at that. It is time for writers who hope to be great to show what can be accomplished with pure English. We have had revivals of all ages, epochs, and dialects of the English tongue—but there is never a man of them all who has tried to write a story in simply the best modern English of educated people. That would be a novelty in fiction worth trying."

"I believe you," said Diana, as she fastened her coat to the handle-bar and vaulted into the saddle.

THE BOOK SPEAKS.

(TO EUGENE FIELD.)

*An
Inscription
Written at
Field's
Request.*

I'm keeping jolly company
In a room that's full of books;
I'm cheek by jowl with Horace
And a lot of ancient crooks.
But the boys I like to play with,
When the boss takes off his coat,
Are the wild and woolly heroes
From Casey's tabble dote.
And when the lamp is lighted
And cozy hours ensue,
I talk with All-Aloney
And the little Boy in Blue.
But when the man that owns the books
Throws one kind glance at *me*
I sing just like the Dinkey
In the Amfelula Tree.

DROCH.